Queene. He is arreſted, but will not obey,
His ſonnes he ſaith, ſhall be his baile.
Yorke. How ſay you boyes, will you not?
Edward. Yes noble father, if our words will ſerue.
Richard. And if our words will not, our ſwords ſhall.
Yorke. Call hither to the ſtake my two rough Beares.
King. Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arme himſelfe.
Yorke. Call *Buckingham* and all the friends thou haſt,
Both thou and they ſhall curſe this fatall houre.

Enter at one doore, the Earles of Salisbury and Warwicke, with Drum and Soldiours. And at the other doore, the Duke of Buckingham, with Drum and Soldiours.

Cliff. Are theſe thy Beares? wee'l baite them ſoone,
Deſpight of thee, and all the friends thou haſt.
War. You had beſt go dreame againe,
To keepe you from the tempeſt of the field.
Clif. I am reſolu'd to beare a greater ſtorme,
Then any thou canſt coniure vp to day,
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy houſhould badge.
War. Now by my fathers age, olde Neuils creſt,
The rampant Beare chaind to the ragged ſtaffe,
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top the Cedar ſhowes,
That keepes his leaues in ſpight of any ſtorme,
Euen to affright thee with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,
And tread him vnder foote with all contempt,
Deſpight the beare-ward that protects him ſo.
Yong Clif. And ſo renowned Soueraigne to armes,
To quell theſe Traitors and their complices.
Richard. Fie, Charity for ſhame, ſpeake it not in ſpight,
For you ſhall ſup with Ieſus Chriſt to night.
Yong Clif. Foule Stigmaticke thou canſt not tell,
Rich. No, for if not in heauen, you'l ſurely ſup in hell.

Exit omnes. *Alarmes*

Alarmes to the battaile, and t
chard fighting, and Richar
in S. Albones.

Rich. So, Lie thou there, an
What's heere, the ſigne of th
Then the Propheſie is come
For Somerſet was fore-warn
The which he alwayes did o
And now behold, vnder a pa
The Caſtle in S. *Albones*,
Somerſet hath made the Wi

Alarmes againe, and en

Warwick. Clifford of Cu
And if thou doſt not hide th
Now whilſt the angry Trum
And dead mens cries do fill
Clifford I ſay, come forth a
Proud Northerne Lord, Cli
Warwicke is hoarſe with c

Cliffor

Clif. Warwicke ſtand
hewes with his murthering
to finde thee out.
Warwicke ſtand ſtill, and ſ

Enter

War. How now my Lord
Who kild your horſe?
Yorke. The deadly hand
Fiue horſe this day ſlaine
And yet braue Warwicke
But I did kill his horſe he l
The bonieſt gray that ere